

Margaret and William, 839 m 23
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K A
B A L L A D.

by Mallet?
To the Tune of fair *ROSAMOND*.

I.



OW all was wrapt in dark Mid-Night;
And all were fast asleep:
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

II.

Her Face was like an *April-Morn*
Clad in a Wintry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her Lilly Hand,
That held her fable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth, and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has rift'd their Crown!

III.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r;
That tips the Silver Dew;
The Rose was budded in her Cheeks,
And opening to the View.

V.

But Love had, like the Canker Worm;
Consum'd her early Prime;
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheeks, —
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

"Awake! she cry'd, thy True-Love calls;
"Come from her Midnight Grave;
"Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
"Thy Love refus'd to save;

VII.

"This is the Mirk, and fearful Hour;
"When injur'd Ghosts complain;
"Now dreary Graves give up their Dead
"To haunt the faithless Swain.

VIII.

"Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault;
"Thy Pledge; and broken Oath;
"And give me back my Maiden Vow,
"And give me back my Troth.

IX.

"How cou'd you say my Face was fair;
"And yet that Face forsake?

"How cou'd you win my Maiden-Heart,
"Yet leave that Heart to break!

X.

"How cou'd you promise Love to me,
"And not that Promise keep?
"Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
"Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

XI.

"How cou'd you say my Lips were sweet,
"And made the Scarlet pale?
"And why did I, young artless Maid!
"Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

XII.

"That Face alas no more is fair,
"Those Lips no longer red,
"Dark are my Eyes now clos'd in Death;
"And every Charm is fled!

XIII.

"The hungry Worm my Sister is,
"This winding Sheet I wear,
"And cold, and weary lasts our Night;
"Till that last Morn' appear.

XIV.

"But hark! — the Cock has warn'd me home,
"A long and last Adieu!
"Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
"That dy'd for Love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smil'd,
And shew'd her glittering Head;
Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb,
Then raving left his Bed.

XVI.

He hie'd him to the fatal Place;
Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass Turf,
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* name;
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then lay'd his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And word spake never more.

F I N I S.